MRS, FLEMING IS HALF ASHAMED.

Sobs Behind Her Fan as Her Letters Are Read, but Her Eyes Are Dry.

Prosecution Puts in Some Extraordinary Missives and Closes Its Case.

Wilckes Sits Unembarrassed as Eager Women Listeners Absorb the Defendant's Words.

OTHER SIDE WILL BEGIN TO-DAY.

Its Case Should Be Short and It Is Probable the Jury Will Have Decided Upon Guilt or Innocence Within a Few Days.

A solid day of letter reading concluded the prosecution's side of the Fleming trial. The District-Attorney did not get in every-Fleming. Mrs. Reynolds has successfully avoided the officer sent to bring her into ourt, and Recorder Goff refused to admit a large portion of the letters, by the aid of which the District-Attorney hoped to show the jury that Mrs. Fleming, besides being a person of general bad character, was particularly incensed against her mother, and particularly anxious to gain the fortune which she could get only through her

Mrs. Fleming's attitude and bearing yes-terday were very different from that which characterized her when they first began to read her letters to Wilckes. She is a particularly self-conscious woman, and at the beginning she thought it best to reply to the curious stares of the crowded court room with an air of perfect unconcern; so she giggled over the silliness of her love letters more than any other woman in the court room, nudged her sister, and was nudged in return, when the character of her connection with Ferdinand Wilckes became evident in the context of her epistles, and generally adopted the manner east to be expected from a woman whose evilness was being publicly shown.

MRS. FLEMING IS CHANGED. Naturally all the newspapers commented on so unusual a bearing. Probably her lawyers spoke to her about it. They know from experience how important the impresthe prisoner produces on the jury is, we

When certain parts of the letters were reached she covered her face with a black fan, so that nothing could be seen between her collar and her forehead. When she heard read her auxious pleadings to Wilckes to return to her and make some return for the love with which she was so that we will be seen between the collar and her forehead. When she heard read her auxious pleadings to Wilckes to return to her and make some return for the love with which she was so that the letter shows anything of the kind."

"I deny," was Brooke's answer, "that the letter shows anything of the kind."
"Then why do you object to its introduction?" growled McIntyre.
"Simply because it is Irrelevant and Improper," said Brooke, finely, "and I see in it the ulterior motive of the prosecution."

LAWYERS IN A WRANGLE. prodigal, her body seemed shaken by sobs.

Of course, nobody could see whether her grief was genuine or not. But once, when she lowered her fan to respond to a nudge from her sister, her eyes were quite dry and her face quite composed. She restored the fan to its position as a screen directly, however, and pretty soon the shaking, as if by sobs, became more marked, and sounds that might have been sighs or similar expressions of emotion came from behind the fan; so maybe Mrs. Fleming was not pretending, after all.

EVEN FLORENCE MORE GRAVE.

The sister had also experienced a change of some sort. She started in as gravely and solemnly as the prisoner. But being a more volatile young woman, she did not persist in her seriousness; yet whenever any particular violent endearment was read out, she giggled; not so much as on pre-

any particular violent endearment was read out, she giggled; not so much as on previous days, but still perceptibly.

A large part of the letters was an arvalgament of this same sister, Florence, who was accused of being various kinds of a sly and designing young female, engaged in the twin enterprises of allenating Wilckes's affection from Mrs. Fleming and bearing tales of Mrs. Fleming's iniquities to Mrs. Bliss and to Wilckes, himself.

That young man sat in the court room all through the reading, bland and serene. It is embarrassing to most men to hear repeated the endearments lavished on them by women; but it didn't bother Wilckes. He was called in the letters a "dear for instance. It would be hard to Imagine a more inane sentimentality, but Wilckes simply reared his blond head until his pointed blond beard was horizon tal and looked over the grinning court room through his spectacles. Whether it was pride in his conquest or defiance of public oninion, only Wilckes could possibly tell, and like enough even he does not know, QUEER WOMEN, THESE.

There was a large number of women in the audience, who enjoyed the letter-reading to the utmost. There were passages in the letters which made the men in the court room uncomfortable; but the sturdy females leaned forward, eagerly absorbing every word. There were women there of seventy and girls of fifteen, but age made

no difference.

It was an exciting session, altogether.
Mrs. Fleming's lawyers assumed that the
prosecution was wantonly endeavoring to
stir up feeling against their client, and, by
implication, accused the District-Attorney
of deliberately reading the letters wrongly
whenever he mistook a word. So the letters were punctuated by snaris and spats.
In several of the letters portions were excluded from the reading by order of the
Recorder.

conditful if the reading of the letters the people's case any good. They sim-owed that Mrs. Fleming was a foolish in, jesious of her lover, dreaming crooked dreams, and much addicted falling castles in the sir. It revealed mily affairs of the Blisses in a partity impleasant light, showing that is and daughters were suspicious, ensmall and mean

ents and daughters were suspicious, enus, small and mean.
The relation between Wilckes and Mrs.
emitty had all been sufficiently proved
that the letters and the proposition of
auxiety to possess the money that her
ther's life kept away from her was also
il understood. However, the details
splied a delightful day for the labitues
the court and gave the lawyers an opfinality to look fiercely at each other
d exchange sharp words.

WRITES HERSELF CINDERELIA.

frs. Flewing is thirty-odd years old and

Mrs. Fleming is thirty-odd years old and her descriptions of herself as Cinderelia waiting for her lover while he was off with her sister, and her solemn, stilted descrip-tions of the glory that was to be hers when



SOME EXPRESSIONS AS THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE ENVELOPE WERE READ.

Mrs. Fleming was more becoming in lahavior as other of her letters were read yesterday. One addressed to Felix Wilekes, the brother of Ferdinand, in care of "Baby," vastly amused the court-room audience and Mrs. Fleming's sister, Florence Bliss; the accused hid her face in her fan.

she rode in a carriage with a crest and her references to the last "Lord of the Manor of Livingston" revealed a curious type of

sion the prisoner produces on the jury is, and must have realized that an exhibition of callousness will not help Mrs. Fleming when the jury finally retires to think over all it has seen and heard to balance the question of her guilt or innocence.

Whether it was because of a "tip" from her lawyers, or because her manner on last Friday was remarked and criticised, Mrs. Fleming acted differently yesterday. When the reading began she dropped her eyes, a "to a tush mantied her cheek and she with head bowed and hands before her with head bowed and hands before her with head bowed and hands before her is woman.

Expert Carvalho was on the stand all May. The form of having the handwriting expert identify the chirography of the lefters had to be gone through with a every case. The first two letters produced failed of publicity, the Court, after reading them, agreeling with Lawyer Brooke that they were incompetent and immaterial. The third letter was also excluded from the record, but it occasioned a little debate between the lawyers.

"This letter," protested Mr. McIntyre, after the Judge had ruled, "shows a haired in the line of our witnesses in proving the day.

prodigal, her body seemed shaken by sobs. deny having any ulterior motive until the

April 10, 1893.

My Dear Friend Felix-I dispatch these lines in haste to tell you that I would like to have a talk with you and hear about the dearest fellow on earth. Yes! the very dearest. Don't you agree with me, or is it I who should agree with you? On this subject I know we both think alike and always will, under all circumstances and conditions. No charge guaranteed with "Lime." Alice will always love the dear Camel, and in spite of all the mothers and aunts in Christendom, in spite of all the millionaires in the U. S., in spite of the entire Jewish synagogues all complete and warranted, in spite of cranky fathers, in spite of "every-

ceases to beat. But hold! even then-after death-I will love him just the same, and the ocean could not separate us then for I could fly right over to him. My wings would work pretty quick, too!! "Warranted to work fast upon easton." The only comfort I have is that I do not forget Felix's promise to be My Friend. On that little promise alone I rely, oh, so much! so much!! A great deal of my earthly happiness hangs upon it. It is a very siender thread to build upon; but I do.

I do, and I trust to it. Fiorentia has told me a little about what was in the letter, from Ferdinand-and well "My heart is broken, broken, Felix." I am dreadfully unbappy. "Life is not worth liv-ing without him. Oh! Ques ce que l'ai fait? By the bys, I think I have spelled this wrong. Should It not be Qui est ce que? I did not write him until so late. I wished to see if he would write me first after that unpleasantness on the steamer, so I delayed-perfectly proper on my part-but be will not understand, probably, and meanwhile be receiving Flo's letter.

He thinks of my leaving the boat on that day with Mr. B. and then of my neglect of him-when I had promised to write every two weeks consequently be will inflict punishment upon me by writing Florence a charming letter; but when he does get my letter, oh, Felix! I kind of think that I will repay him for all.

WANTED TO WELCOME HIM. Now, I beg of you, arrange it so that I can be the first to welcome him home. Why well give him the first welcome? You are smart; fix it so that the Remys or mamma don't find out the name of the steamer he sails on. For if they do not go down them selves they will tell mamma, and she will certainly go in order to prevent my going. No. don't let your other shruther tell the Remys-if they receive word from Ferdinand you say that you have received another postal card notifying you that he may not return exactly on that date. This will mix them up so they will think that you don't know exactly yourself, and you can

say afterward that he surprised you by walking into the office in Forty-second street, or something even better than that. You will do this for me, wont you? And for us all, because you can't have any fun if mamma is there, anyhow. If you do what I have suggested, then you and I. Flo and B. can make up a party to meet him and go down to the boat and stay all day if we like, and have a jolly good time with easy minds. I am almost positive I will not live here then, so it will be easy for me to go; but in case by mistake I am still here, I will frame some excuse about spending the day with friends or relatives in Brooklyn, or say I am going up to the Mount St. Vincent—on business connected with the children's education—and if she don't actually expect F'd's ship coming in she will never tumble.

she will never tumble.

Then Flo can leave here a little earlier, or later, as best suits us, and say she is going over to Carrie's to spend the day, so we can meet you and B. somewhere on the East Side and take the Third arenue elevated down, or the Sixth arenue elevated if you think best. I thought by taking the former we would be sure not to meet the leaves and we will give him a grand wel-Remys, and we will give him a grand wel-come, wont we?

Take a few horns or trumpets with us. Fun!! there would be no name for it!! And kisses. Why we would hug him to death. I am going to make him a great big bouquet!
Oh. Pelix! What fun!! Maybe you had
best write him at once and tell him (I mean best write him a doctor the Remys or Inglebert what ship he sails in, or when to expect him. Couldn't you send him a postal or cable him, or something? Do make an effect of the couldn't send that the couldn fort, Felix, for my sake; for I will die if I am not down to that steamer.

WARNING AGAINST MRS. BLISS. "Don't become rattled at rMs. Blisa's talk—she only is a good deal curious, and she would like to verify her ideas so as to have something to fight over and find fault about me, but unless some of you let the cat out of the bag she will never-no, never-find out through me, because I keep my mouth shut, and when I do talk to her I don't say much. I trust Flo.—But still I am extremely careful what I tell her, too, because suspicions are nothing—but I keep my own business to myself and I want you, dear Felix, to be careful, also.

Excuse me if I tell you that it is gammon, laughter and cutting up, that made her actually first suspicious, that night of would keep her more at a diguified distance, as it were, she would not be able to even guess at anything; you must eradicate such notions from her mind-I am up to her, I have just confided to her (confidentially) that I can't abide you and Ferd, because I can't see that either of you are interesting, and that she knows I can do better than waste my time, when I have my own friends, who

are both wealthy and influential.

I have vowed that I shall wed the milltonaire; of course, if I change my mind about it, I am not to be blamed. Women genrally are such darned uncertain creatures, Anyhow, I'll be hanged if it is any of her business, anyway, and I shall not let her know any of my business of any kind, manner or description. If she can run and man-age big men like you and Fd., and Alfred, etc., she can't and shan't run me nor my affairs. I don't care a continental for either her or her house, or anybody in if, except Flo., and when I get good and ready I shall pack up, remove my furniture and never cross the threshold of the door of the house she lives in, so long as the breath is in my body. No, never! I say this without one feeling of anger; it is my determination

I am of a verp peaceable, loving nature, always true as steel to those who are true to me; slow to become angry-in most things bearing a great amount of annoyance, treachery and double-faced dealings in this house and family toward me (leaving out Flo.). I say I bear it all patiently and I will never say much. It takes a long time for the Livingston blood to become aroused, for the Livingston tool to be come accessed, but when it does, I become thoroughly dis-gusted and will have nothing whatever to do with people of that calibre.

MRS. BLISS A SLANDERER.

It don't make any difference who it is, everybody must be forced to agree with her, and the worst of it is, she speaks untruthfully of me. She slanders me, Felix, and people think it is all the truth because she is my mother. My friends don't know what to make of her, and sometimes I think that maybe her brain is foolish or prejudiced, or something. It is very nu-plensant for me to have to write you thus. I really am sorry, but it is forced upon me, and you know why, for Flo told me what Mrs. P. said to you the other day. Enough of this, however, and let me make you smile, if I can. I shall put up a sign for her benefit, entitled, "Keep off the premises; buildog loose. No trespassing on forbidden ground nor private property, as stocks (socks) have gone up (increased) in value, otherwise (beartsh) and the foreign work is fluctuating." I received the message from Flo about addressing this to the from Flo about addressing this to the Remys, but would rather trust it to her fair hands. Will meet you at Lenox avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street and one innured and introduction at 2:30 p. m. No! Saturday, the 15th, as I expect to be very busy all this week. I am awfully anxious, too, to see darling Ferdinand's letter, but if you could only

Ferdinand's letter, but if you could only trust it to Flo, done up in an envelope, it would be all safe, and it would case my mind to read it, and I could return it to you Sat. Always your friend,

Mrs. A. L. FLEMING.

When the first letter had been read, the old business of fighting over the admissibility of others followed. The Recorder gave no reason when he excluded a letter, but it is generally understood that those admitted in evidence were the mildest of the lot. It was heroic in Florence Bliss to keep up her appearance of friendly interest in the woman on trial and splendld indifference to what was being read, because every letter was full of the featousless of Mrs. Fleming toward her. Mrs. Fleming commented on her appearance, her intellgence, her morals, everything about her.

HER OPINION OF FLORENCE.

HER OPINION OF FLORENCE. "I have found you out, Miss,' I said, 'and from this moment you cease to be my friend.' I boxed her ears for it, too, and she didn't get one-half she deserved. is a mean girl to her sister, and I will

Such sentences as these were of frequent such sentences as loss of the second for an occasional side glance out of the tail of her eye, Florence Bliss gave no sign although the reading of these letters must have given her the first intimation of Mrs. Fleming's opinion of her, unless—which is not improbable—Wilckes himself told her beaut the letters. about the letters.

The next letter admitted was to Ferdinand Wilckes himself. It rends, in part:

My Dearest Friend Camel-As I am downtown at my lawyers' having some papers made out to send to Albany in regard to the Livingston matter, my father's estate, I thought I would send you a line and take chances about its being welcome-to tell you for your comfort that maybe you can avoid Mrs. Bliss by not taking supper at Remy's to-night, as Florence lost her temper and foolishly told Mrs. B.

I caught her in the very act of telling.
I heard just what she said. It is the meanest thing ever done to me by her. I would never have believed it if I had not heard it with my own ears. There is your friend for you. A fine friend, truly. She has not of course, attempted to deny it. When she walked upstairs I very quietly fold my lady what I had heard her say. "I have found you out, mies," I said, "and from this moment you cease to be my friend. I will leave here and never speak to you sgain. What do I care for myself what those peo

ple-your folks-think."

Mrs. B. is very mad-we don't speak
at all-and I heard her say to Florence that she would go out this evening to the Remys' and have a talk and tell her everything. and to my utter astonishment Florence said. "Yes, do that; you go over and tell I never will overlook it. I thak it's awful of her. I have made up my mind just what kind of a friend she is when she does

those kinds of things.

I am going out of the house to-morrow unless something I don't foresee now preto-night. I cannot sit down to that table with them. They are all so false, mean and treacherous to me, who have done so much for each and all of them in the past, I am utterly disgusted with that crowd, and only blame myself for living under the same roof or having anything to do with them whatever. But enough; this is all uninteresting to you, and I apologize for troubling your blond head about it.

Will you not do a last act of friendship

and kindness-for perhaps you may never see me alive sgain. Who can tell, not even I. as I have lost your love. I have now nothing that I care to live for. Will you not then do me a last act of kindness by letting me dine or sup this evening with you somewhere down town at some little place that is quiet, and then we can go home separately, if you wish; anything you like. If you will come, tell the boy I send with this. Just say "Yes" to him-or "No" if you won't. If it is "Yes," I will corner of John and Nassau, and if the hour

convenience. Only tell the boy who brings CONCERNING MR. BLISS.

MRS. FLEMING

Then followed this letter to Felix Wilckes: 504 Manhattan ave., Jan. 15, 1895.

Dear Fellx-Come over to-morrow-Wed.
eve.-sure! Can't take any excuse. Flo
and Annie are coming, and, of course, they
are the attraction. I am not in it. Come about 9:30. You are a great promiser, Felix. Why did you not come around last Sunday? I wanted to consult you as a friend about the estate of my father, which has been quietly placed before the Legisla-ture this term. I have been given positive proof, so near as possible, by the party who gets paid for pushing the affair through the L., that it will work this time. Of course, don't care to do. See?

Accept my regrets that I could not en-tertain yourself and Mr. Fischer, et cher Ferdinand the other evening-or rather the next day-in the manner which I would like

to have done.

You must take the will for the deed in this case (and sometimes in other cases), but kindly extend to the gentleman my apologies. I will be most pleased to re-ceive him, as your and Ferd's friend, at some future time—say about four or five months, maybe less, from date of this missive, in a home where I will not be ashamed to welcome any friend of my friends, until I bid every one au revoir, except you and your brother, and you will, I the same friend you found me at first.

I will also endeavor to the best of my ability to keep all knowledge of my ever seeing you from Mrs. Bliss. I swear this to you, Felix, and I now tell you that she never comes down to this flat but very rarely-say once in ten days, and never any more in the evenings, but once since Xmas

If you do not believe that I am telling you the truth I am very sorry, for I assure you that I have no other object than to tell you the truth-for both your sakes. As for Mr. Bliss, he is positively never here in the evenings at all. Sometimes he comes and brings us all

some lobster from downtown, and then Walter asks him to remain to dinner, but he goes away at once, just as soon as he panions-(Birds of a feather, you know)at the hotel in One Hundred and Twentyfifth street, where he is stopping. You must excuse me, Felix, if I say that

so far as I am concerned, I would just as soon see the "Old Man from Gebenna"; enter this flat, as either of them. You and poor Ferd are evidently completely enraptured with the many and varied charms of Mme. B. and, perhaps, Mons. B., but, as I said, "I am not in it," therefore will have nothing to regret.

Experience is the best teacher, you know!

When you come, if you care to receive it, I have a very pice message for Felix from his old friend Arthur. I thank God I have acted honorably toward you all.

You will never find that I have lied to you or that I have been double-faced. I to-day am not ashamed, even in my poverty, to look you all in the face and shake your hand with an honest heart and a clear conscience. Well, I am "Cinderella" at present, and,

as such, my friends do not care to know me -much. I smile to myself again, and the smile deepens when I wonder what the grand-daughter of the "Last Lord of the Manors of Livingston" will do with all those earls, dukes and princes "waiting for me" over across the pond. You will ex-cuse my liberty in writing at such length to you, Felix, but as it is the last time you will ever receive a note from Cinderellawithout-her-coat-of-arms, you will probably excuse her. FROM A FRIEND.

excuse her. FROM A FRIEND.

That was all they could read during the morning session, but in the afternoon they were promptly at it again. A letter was before the court, part of which could not be even read there, and the court room was consequently crowded with men and women. The afternoon series of letters contained even more unkind references to Florence Biss, such as "Florence is a fillt. She will lift with you as long as you will let her." "She has a devillsh temper, so that her own mother rays she can't live in the house with her. I have learned to my sorrow and cost not to trust her in the future."

She was extravagant in her references to her child, describing him as the grandson of the last Lord of the Manor of Livingston. The reading of the letter, proceeded smoothly until Mr. Miller read out from it a description of Mrs. Bliss.

A BIG, BIG "D."

"This damp mischlef maker"-

"Darn," cried Brooke, jumping to his

"No, sir," said McIntyre, getting into the row as he usually does at the first oppor-Tunity.

"That's a little indication of the straw that shows the way the wind blows," said-Brooke, who never overlocks a chance. "It is not even a persecution. It's an assaumation."

MISS BLISS

"Is that remark proper, Your Honor," demanded McIntyre.

The Recorder said it wasn't, and rebuked

Brooke.
"I apologize to Your Honor," said Brooke, with a properly executed and timely quaver in his voice, "but there are impulses that cannot be controlled."

He handed the letter to the Court.
The Reorder studied over the writing for a moment, and then said: "Rend it damn," "But it is darn," said Brooke.
"I order it 'damn," said the Recorder.
"As a question of sense, do you see much difference between damn and darn?"
Mr. Brooke had the letter handed to the jury and the Recorder instructed them that they were not bound by the Court's reading of the letter, but in the end would have to judge for themselves, and the reading of the letter went on.

The next interruption occurred in a passage that referred to Mrs. Fleming's children and the money and trouble it had cost her to rear them. She said that she could have avoided this, perhaps, by committing murder, but she would never think of that sort of thing.
"And this is the woman they accuse of

"And this is the woman they accuse of murder, said Brooke, aside. "Think of it." and he shook his head dispairingly. In the letter Mrs. Flemling writes: I have pawned the elegant diamond en-

than ask you for anything.

than ask you for anything.

There was a letter written by Mrs. Fleming that was supposed to show her anylety to get hold of the fortune that should have been her's only at her mother's death, and then another, the last of the series, was read.

Mr. McIntyre then notified the court that the gase for the prosecution was all, in with the exception of the testimony of Mrs. Keynolds, who had disappeared. He still had a faint hope of capturing the woman, and, he specified that he should have the right to call her. The Court granted permission, and the defence duly objected.

"Now," said Mr. Brooke, as easiestly as if he expected that his request would be complied with, "the defence was two motions: First, to demur to the indictment as being entirely insufficient; secondly, to ask that the jury be instructed to acquit, as there is insufficient proof to convict, and in the event of a conviction Your Honor could not accept the verdict."

The sturdy, broad-shouldered objection to the indictment was that the Grand Jury did not specify the sort of poison used. The motion was, of course, promptly over ruled, and the defence will go on this morning. Brooke said he hoped to get through this week, so next week ought to see the end of the Fleming case.

WOMEN WITH EAGER EARS.

fints are called "model" structures. Mrs. Katheering through lighted and they are foul smelling, dinaly lighted and they are foul smelling, dinaly lighted and they and the acquit should from he are foul smelling, dinaly lighted and poorly ventilated structures. Mrs. Katheering through the surctures. Mrs. Katheering head the the grand their quarrelling, dinaly lighted and poorly ventilated structures. Mrs. Katheering through the series.

The women have been enemies for a year and their quarrelling, dinaly lighted and their quarrelling, dinaly lighted and their quarrelling, dinaly lighted and their quarrelling at members, when the week they got into a fight. Mrs. Niel, who is a small woman, was knocked down by Mrs. Burkhardt, who was trying to scratch out h

felt, too, that in the real pathos and forced gayety of the letters, there was little that was relevant, nothing that was murderous. The Traces Were Cut and Four People in and but infrequently anything that was downright bad.

casionally Mr. McIntyre. When he went wrong they put him straight. Each time he had the opportunity of making a perfectly intelligible sentence entirely meaningless, he took it.

Throughout the morning session the deneanor of the defendant and her sister in no wise differed from their attitude on Friday. They listened sometimes with a civil air of feigned interest, sometimes with stailes. Now and again Mrs. Fleming would state Island were returning to New York at a late hour Sunday night and head boarded a ferryboat at this place when the horses attached to one of the coaches became frightened and backed off the boat which had been pushed out from the bridge owing to the storm.

The horses fell into the water, but the coach, which contained the four occupants and the driver, was saved from going overboard by cutting the traces. The horses were drowned. They were owned by John Walker, of No. 58 West Fifteenth street.

hang her head, and twice her sister laughed at her. But neither seemed to mind very

After recess there was a change. Of the ladies who had come in the morning, the majority had taken their curiosity away. Had they remained they might have got a little of their money's worth. The first letter rend contained passages that would make a mad dog blush. It was expurgated by the Court. How it affected Mrs. Fleming only a mind reader could tell. Part of her face she hid with her rell, the rest she masked with a fan. At one point the fan trembled, the hand that held it also, but whether from laughter or shame there was but a shrinking movement to tell.

Meanwhile her sister listened to a series of rather tart references to herself with the sweetness of her smile unimpaired and with but the blush of a properly conducted young person at the mention of her own indiscretions, it wasn't nice of Mrs. Fieming to write in that way about her, particularly as she was her rival in the affections of Wilckes, but what are you to do with a jealous woman? Besides, the girl did not care. She smiled and blushed as though she liked it. Tastes differ.

After a few more letters had been read the prosecution rested. So did Mr. Miller, if you are ever up for murdering your mother and happen to be guilty, take care not to have Mr. McIntyre about. There is a man who could no more be ridiculous than could a tiger, and if Mr. Miller isn't there to interfere in your behalf, you might as well save counsel fee for your heirs.

At the conclusion of the case for the Meanwhile her sister listened to a series

MRS. REYNOLD'S MAY APPEAR.

Police After the Missing Woman Upon Whom Mrs. Fleming Called.

One witness for the prosecution in the trial of Mrs. Fleming has thus far evaded the efforts of the police and officials of the District-Attorney's office. She is Mrs. Reynolds, a former friend of Mrs. Flem-Reynolds, a former friend of Mrs. Fleming, who at the time of Mrs. Fleming's mother's death lived in West One Hundred and Forty-sixth street, near St. Nicholas avenue. She subsequently removed to Trackahoe, to escape the annoyance of police visits, but did not wholly realize her expectation.

Later she went to live in Decaiur street, in Fordham, where she is supposed to have been for all the recent half dozen days the police have been searching for her, though they have not been allowed in the house.

though they are now complete thouse.

The testimony she is expected to give relates to a visit from Mrs. Fleming on the night Mrs. Bliss died, and the exact measure of its importance has not been determined by the attorneys for the prosecution. Mrs. Reynolds has avoided subpoems servers because she dreads the ordeal of the witness chair, and the notoriety incident to her appearance in so celebrated a case.

not.
At one time her evidence was regarded as of great importance, but later developments have thrown doubt upon this, and it is possible that should her attendance be secured to-day she may not be called.

PRETTY ROSA THE VICTIM.

Interfered Between Two Fighting Janitresses and Is Now in Danger of Dying from Blood Poisoning.

As a result of a senseless feud which has rangement ring Mr. Fleming gave me, and the gold soup tureen, a wedding present to my grandmother, and also my ruby and diamond ring you saw me wear, and lots of existed for more than a year between two other trinkets too numerous to mention, in order to provide for your little child rather flats are called "model" sarenstically, as flats are called "model" sarenstically, as they are foul smelling, dimly lighted and

WOMEN WITH EAGER EARS. Astor is now a certainty. While the chief representatives of John Jacob Astor and William Waldorf Astor would not talk of

They Drink in the Written Words of Mrs.

Fleming, Which She Herself Now Half Repudiates.

By Edgar Saltus.

By Edgar Saltus.

Women with preferences for everybody and attractive for none flocked to the General Sessions yesterday. It has been advertised that Mrs. Fleming's love letters would provide a course of mud baths. It was for that they came, some in hansoms, some in cable care, some in muslin, some in silk. They left in disgust. Filth they sought, tears they got—the woes and wordiness of a neglected woman endeavoring to cajole and detain that most indifferent and clusive of beings, the man who has ceased to care.

Instead of the flavors and festoons of the tropics, there was a dessert of chuil. You felt, you were listening at a keybole. You felt, too, that in the real pathos and forced the street was a decided upon."

HORSES BAOKED OVERBOARD.

the Carriage Were Saved.

The letters were read by Mr. Miller. His prompters were Mr. Brooke, Mr. Shaw, occasionally Mr. Melatyre. When he went Staten Island were returning to New York